

Valley of Death

Fat Joe

Aiyyo they left me for dead
I mused the roaches and the maggots
I can still remember shovels spillin dirt above (this bastard?)
I waited for an answer, but god ain't call
I'm hearing demons and the devils and the shots they call
They want crack; I hopped out the casket, that's it
Time for some actions, consequences very tragic
I call my crew the Darkside, we all ride
Keep them other crews running running like the far side
Triple Black Louis V's provided by the suit in these
Walking through the desert conversating like it's you and me
Kanye shrug, paparazzi taking pictures
See it in my mugshot; Mob Boss slash killer
Triple Beam entrepreneur, they live for only pure
The prowls only cure, fiends keep fiending more
Wake up every morning same motherfuckin time
Thinkin' money, get money, got money on my mind
Fo' Five on my hip, Nine on the other side
Thinkin' money, take money, make money all the time
Middle finger to the sky screaming fuck the other side
Thinkin' money get money, got money on my mind
BC's filled with leeches, strategic moves
To capture niggas for the deeds we do
And the cars we drive
Red Ferrari California on my way to arizona
Mexicano at the border
I used to play a good Blair Witch on a nigga
Dump your body in the woods, dare snitch on a nigga
Listen; Black mask, black gloves, rubber duct tape
Put you where the spare tire be at; trunk space
Can heaven be just a distant memory
They say you live a fast life but death'll come eventually
I guess in my past life I wasn't listening cause this the
Fuck Tha Police, judges, P.O.'s and the witnesses
Heronious charge, an Appolonian broad
Another day in the life, another bitch to minage
Get money[4x]Crack! Coca baby!
Reportin' live from the mothafuckin' desert nigga!
Brushin' the motherfuckin' dirt off my clothesss

You see death in my eyes, nigga?
I got that AR-15 and I won't hesitate to kill a nigga
Cool N' Dre on this one bitches!

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